

## For the Boys and Girls

A CABBAGE A DAY FOR BUDDY.

A gray cool day, easy on the eyes, and comfortable to work outdoors. The professor sat on the one step outside the open shed door sorting over a pile of dry onions. In a pail on the step beside him were several bunches of beautifully blanched celery waiting to be washed for supper.

Rural school No. 9 was just across the road. The professor smiled and looked up as he heard the shouts and chattering of the boys and girls.

"School is out," he said to himself, "and here comes Buddy carrying a branch of something. I can tell by the way he walks that it's a real find. What you got there, Buddy?" he called.

"I don't know, professor. The flowers are kind of droopy 'cause I've had it in school all day."

"Flowers?" exclaimed the professor. "You don't mean it—not this time of the year."

"Yes, I'm sure," said Buddy, handing the professor a branch of tangy-leaved branches.

"Um-m-m," said the professor. "Nice bright yellow flowers, all straggly. Where did you find it?"

Down in your woodlot, growing on a small bushy tree. Its branches all seem to go crisscross, and those seeds, said Buddy, grinning and pointing to the queer-shaped, double-looking fruits, "have been popping open all afternoon, and the boys couldn't make it out."

"Yes," chuckled the professor, "but the seeds didn't pop open; the fruits did." Those funny little pods are the fruits. They pop open and send the black shiny seeds flying.

"Well, boy, this is witch-hazel," begins to make its powers in August and they bloom in October. The seeds from these flowers will not be finished until next fall. These fruits on the branches are now just like the flowers that bloomed last autumn. That is why there are flowers and fruit on the bushes at the same time. The witch-hazel medicine is made from the leaves and bark of this plant."

"That was quite a find," said Buddy.

"Yes, that was a find, Buddy," said the professor, turning back to the onions. "Want to help with these?"

"Sure, if I don't have to peel them," said Old Caleb, "where they store all their root and juice and smell. An onion doesn't have a root and stem to store food like other plants. Did you know that?"

"Look," and the professor took out his knife and cut the onion down through the middle. "See that solid pointed centre? That's the stem. The roots, you know, are strings-like and grow out from the bottom of this stem. [These," he said, pulling off the scales of the onion, "are the leaves. The outside ones are thin and skin-like, the inner ones are thick with stored food and go all the way round. That's why when you cut an onion across like this," and he picked another one and cut it crosswise, "the leaves all look like thick circles. The bid at the tip of this short solid stem sends up the green hollow leaves you see." He'd grown accustomed to paddling through the long swells.

"An hour's work found Allan lying and tired, with less than half his course covered."

He was tempted to turn back, yet upon looking around, he saw that he was as far away from the mainland as he was from the island. His arms began to ache. He found his legs cramped and yet dared not change his position lest he lose his balance for a moment and some treacherous wave swamp him in the ravine yesterday morning before you come over. When you told me what you came for, I hid it, so's you'd have the fun of settin' your trap anyways and at least stay overnight with me."

"Then there were a pair of them!" gasped Allan, "and both were black!"

"Pshaw," I thought I'd surprise you, son, but you surprised me mornin' I did you!"

"That's all they taste like, some-what's that, son? You're not fig-ure to think they're wire noose traps?"

"Well, my son, the wind's dead agin' you. You sure had a hard job."

"It certainly was, but it will be over with, if I get what I came after."

"What's that, son? You're not fig-ure to think they're wire noose traps?"

"No, Caleb, you remember about that black mink I saw up in the ravine. Yes, well Doctor Leigh wants me to get it for him to mount. And I want you to help me. He offered a hundred dollars an' well split, but we've got to get it to-night or to-morrow night before he leaves for his college. I brought over some special traps to kill the mink without spoiling the fur; they're wire noose traps."

Being a man of few words, like all who live in the upper Great Lakes country, Old Caleb regarded the traps silently and then pronounced his verdict. "Yes, son, you'll get the mink."

Throughout the late afternoon the two worked about the cabin. Allan assisted Old Caleb in writing out the monthly report of his trouting through the island thumper. Then after a meal of rye bread, salt pork and vegetable

soup, the two set out through the dense woods to the distant ravine where the traps were carefully set.

One of us was sent in placing the traps which had been smoked previously. Small pieces of wood were used in setting them, and all precautions taken to prevent any primitive scent.

"You schmuckers gittin' the little beast?" Caleb asked.

"Sure, don't you think so?"

"Yep, you'll git it all right, yet may be not with them traps," answered Caleb significantly.

Allan wondered at his answer but said nothing.

As dawn was creeping in the tiny windows of the cabin the following morning, Allan awoke to find Old Caleb had prepared breakfast and was ready to set out on his morning patrol duty in the timber. A work of guarding against fire and keeping timber thieves of the island made an early morning start necessary each day, and so it was left to Allan to visit the traps. Their breakfast hastily eaten, both sat in opposite directions. Once on the trail to the ravine, Allan began to speculate on the probability of finding the mink in any of the traps. The chances were against him, he thought, yet he could not understand why Caleb whose knowledge of trapping and hunting was far greater than any other man of Allan's knowledge, should prophesy the capture of the coveted mink. Mink were wary creatures, Allan knew, so wary that it often took weeks of persistent work to trap a single animal. Then why had Old Caleb said so emphatically that the mink should be in time to take it to Doctor Leigh? The nearer Allan came to the ravine, the nearer Caleb believed he would see no mink in the traps. There were too many possibilities that he had left some suspicious traces; or that the mink might be trap-wary, as some are said to be that have seen other animals in traps or have escaped themselves an instant before the snap of steel jaws or the onset of a wire noose; again, some wandering muskrat or rabbit might have blundered into the snares. No, Allan decided there would be no mink.

Nearly two hours after leaving the cabin, Allan came to the brink of the ravine and peeked over at the depression where the traps had been set. His mouth opened in astonishment. He trembled with joyous excitement.

"The mink! The black mink!" he shouted aloud. Then with a leap and a leap, he plunged down the rocky slopes to where a black mink lay sick and beautiful even in its limp, lifeless condition. As wild a war dance as any painted Indian ever branced, would scarce compare to the exuberant antics of Allan. Shouting with joy, he gathered up the mink and traps and started at a dog-rot for Caleb's cabin.

During the morning and part of the afternoon Allan wiled away the time awaiting Caleb, by looking over the assortment of well-worn magazines and books that burdened the cabin shelves. It was towards mid-afternoon when a shout announced Old Caleb's arrival.

Snatching up the mink Allan ran outside holding his prize by both hands. "We've got him, Caleb, and it certainly is a beauty."

"Old Sayings About Sneezing.

The nutmeg tree is native of the Moluccas.

The ginger plant grows from two to three feet high.

A preserve is made from roots of ginger.

Ten varieties of plants are known to produce black pepper.

The red pepper plant belongs to the deadly nightshade family.

Cinnamon is the inferior bark of a tree of the laurel family.

Cardamom seeds of excellent quality are grown in Germany.

The ordinary red pepper has been used as a medicine.

The clove is a product of a tree belonging to the myrtle family and is a native of the Moluccas Islands.

The surprise that Allan felt upon finding the mink in his traps was in comparison to Old Caleb's astonishment. The old man dropped his gun and knife. He slowly approached Allan, looking intently at one mink and then at the other.

"Pshaw," said Caleb, "that's the curious too. These plants when uncooked have something in them that seems to be very necessary for us. We don't know what it is, where it is in the plant, how it got there or what it looks like. Nobody ever saw it, but we call it vitamin. Vitamins in our food, help to keep us healthy. Cabbage has lots of vitamins and cooking, especially long cooking, seems to destroy them. If you ate nothing but cooked foods and no raw milk, raw fruits or raw vegetables, you would not be well or grow properly, so if we are to be strong and well, we should eat these foods raw."

"Jumpin' catamountain," he exclaimed. Then without another word Old Caleb dashed recklessly into the cabin, appearing a few moments later in the doorway. In his hand was a black mink. With mutual astonishment both Allan and Old Caleb looked at one mink and then at the other.

"Pshaw, my son, I caught this here mink in the ravine yesterday mornin' before you come over. When you told me what you came for, I hid it, so's you'd have the fun of settin' your trap anyways and at least stay overnight with me."

"Then there were a pair of them!" gasped Allan, "and both were black!"

"Pshaw," I thought I'd surprise you, son, but you surprised me mornin' I did you!"

"That's all they taste like, some-what's that, son? You're not fig-ure to think they're wire noose traps?"

"No, Caleb, you remember about that black mink I saw up in the ravine. Yes, well Doctor Leigh wants me to get it for him to mount. And I want you to help me. He offered a hundred dollars an' well split, but we've got to get it to-night or to-morrow night before he leaves for his college. I brought over some special traps to kill the mink without spoiling the fur; they're wire noose traps."

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It takes a great deal of skill and courage to shoot the rapids of the Fraser River, British Columbia, on a flat boat as shown in the photograph.

### The Apple Crop.

It has been a delectable season.

A failure from almost the start; but still that is all the more reason why my apples are dear to my heart.

It has been not the least of my pleasure

To watch them alert where they hung.

From the day when St. Swithin first christened my treasures.

While yet they were young,

For drowsy or downpour unearthing.

With an eye to the ultimate feast,

I have gone to see how they were far-

ing.

Some four times a day at the least.

At night in tempestuous weather.

I have turned on my bed with a frown!

Unable to slumber for wondering whether My apples were down.

The thought that the young might come poaching.

Has put my muse out of her stride;

But the time is now swiftly approach-

ing.

When the harvest can scarce be denied,

When the glad day arrives for my task,

Shall see me go forth, nothing loth.

Equipped with a twenty-foot ladder,

To gather them both.